

LEAFPRINTS

Vol. 4

Presented By

Phi Theta Kappa
1970-1971

Man a part of Nature



Profits
Pollution



Man apart from Nature

INTRODUCTION

"Man a Part of Nature, Man Apart From Nature" is a theme which expresses a paradox, the truth of which becomes clearer everyday. As a part of nature, man is a part of the life given to earth. Yet, through his struggle to survive and to progress, he has destroyed much of that part of nature which he cannot live without. In many lakes and rivers are left without pollution, and the air he needs to breathe is no longer clean.

Through our scrapbook we have tried to present the stages of man as a part of nature and as apart from nature. As we trace through man's cycle of life, we see him having both respect and disrespect for our natural world. Looking at the child we see his enjoyment and horizon in living with nature, and in the youth we find expressions of truth, beauty and love in nature. The middle aged man, however, seems to have no time to enjoy and preserve our natural wonders, or even bear them in mind as he destroys them in the name of progress. With the old man, the cycle comes full round, as he embraces nature seeing again with the enthusiastic eyes of a child. Because he will soon die, he knows that he will truly belong to nature once again. He comes to know that by destroying nature, man destroys himself.



ALL CREATURES OF OUR GOD

Lord, may I love all Thy creation,
the whole and every grain of sand
in it. May I love every leaf, every
ray of Thy light.

May I love the animals.
Thou hast given them the rudiments
of thought and joy untroubled.
Let me not trouble it, let me not
harass them, let me not deprive
them of their happiness, let me
not work against Thine intent.

For I acknowledge unto Thee
that all is like an ocean, all is
flowing and blending, and that to
withhold any measure of love
from anything in Thy universe
is to withhold that same
measure from Thee.

Teodor Dostoevski



WHY

Daddy,

Why can't I swim in the creek like you
did when you were small,
And, why does the river always look dirty.

Why does the spider's web look funny
And, why does grandma say that, some foods
taste funny now.

Why do we find so many dead fish when
we walk along the shore,
And, why do the leaves fall from the
trees at the end of summer instead of
fall.

Why, daddy.

Yvonne Rynkiewicz

TRANSITION OF UNDERSTANDING

What simple pleasures have a babe.
Isn't the childlike amazement of a
star every mother's delight?
But only yesterday it was a window of
heaven and the angels looked through.
Today science relieves part of the
mystery and the child knows.
He doesn't cease to look; he just ceases
to wonder.

Daria Fronchick



INTERVALS

When he was eleven, he looked around ...

the grass and trees were green
the sun was bright and warm
nature set the stage for his games--
his smile as he played was his thanks to his God
for the world that was his.

When he was sixteen ...

nature and its beauty belonged to him and his
lover.
Laughing, he strolled up the side of the steep bank
and rolled all the way down.
With their feet immersed in the cool water of the
stream, they talked about everything under the sun.
In their hearts they thanked God for their world.

He looked around ...

the small bushes were brown and dead
the sun scorched his back--
the nature that once formed his smile
now brought tears to his eyes.
His beautiful sun, grass, and stream were now only
a memory to him.
Full of hatred for his world, he walked across the
battlefield,

When he was nineteen, and a soldier.

EYES OF YOUTH

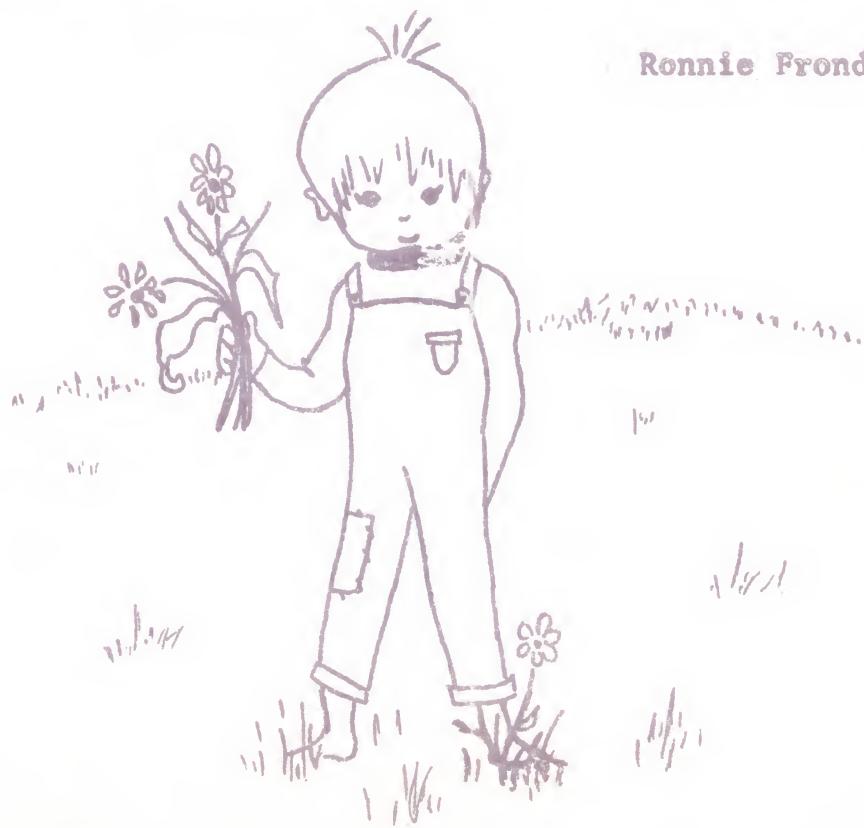
Suddenly, eyes opened to a new world,
Capturing sunshine, soft rain, cool breezes.
Filling my heart with wonder and excitement.
Promising a light cushion to lean on.

Running up tall hills of green,
Swimming in blue streams of silver,
Smelling fresh blossomed laurel,
A gift from God, so perfectly given.

A beautiful nature is here for me,
To experience to the fullest.
Something young, and carefree stormed with
enthusiasm for life.
It's all here, everything I have ever wanted.

Oh! how wonderful, Oh how wonderful it all is.

Ronnie Fronduti



SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE we had to pay to see the trees ...
To watch the sun rise and set in a clear blue sky.
To hear the trickling of cool water across the rocks.

SUPPOSE for these things the Creator collected a fee ...
To hear the footsteps of a rabbit as he scurries across
a field,
Or to watch a squirrel ascend a huge green oak.

SUPPOSE that God would take away one of the few things
in the world that are free ...
Like a pure white sheep grazing in the grass,
Or the sound of a bird twirling while building its nest.

SUPPOSE that these suppositions were true ...
The world would be an ugly place, wouldn't it?
Yet, for these priceless and beautiful blessings
We seldom give thanks.

Isn't it a pity that we are too busy to notice
The beauty of nature that even a blind man can see.

Angie Prozzillo

SEARCHING

Morning finds him searching clouds,
But still to seek at noon,
When blackness falls on the earth,
To look behind the moon.

To climb a purple mountain,
To cross a flowered dale
To gaze across the ocean
Yet, search to no avail.

Penny Cartusciello

A FACE WITH LIFE

Never has he seen before,
All that life has offered.
Searching out its gems at light,
Finding himself fulfilled by night.
Now he knows that life has meaning,
For beyond youth's foolish dreaming.

Penny Cartusciello



Childhood-
A time to be free,
Filled with adventure, expectation and
wonderment.

The world of nature looks very large through
the eyes of a child
And everything he sees and hears fills his
mind and plays on his imagination.

A child has always found a friend in nature
Running off across a hill to some distant
and enchanted land
He's the conqueror of all he surveys,
Climbing in an apple tree he's a king,
Playing tag among the waves as a
sandpiper captures food, and painting
pictures in the clouds.

In the world of nature a child is free to
be more than he could every hope to be.

Donna Reich

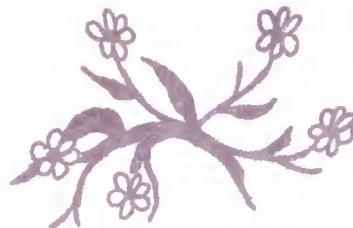
CITY LIFE

When I walk along the city streets
A sadness overwhelms me,
I wonder.

What has happened to the trees
that used to grow so long ago,
Where are all the flowers
that blossomed in the spring.
No longer do I see grass along the roads
or smell the fresh air the wind blows.

Oh city life, what have you done to nature?

Helene Cicioni



THE EARTH

The earth is pretty anytime of year
The world is a wonder to see and hear
To see the ocean as it covets the sand,
To see the snowflakes blanket the land,
To see the stars peak out from heaven.
To see man destroy the gifts nature has given.

Yvonne Rynkiewicz

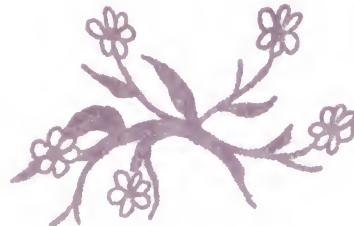
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Yvonne Rynkiewicz



Mother Nature, why are you cruel sometimes,
Why do you kill lives
With your earthquakes, winds and tides,
Tell me Mother Nature, WHY.

Man has conquered so many earthly things,
But nature it cannot,
Tell me Mother Nature, WHY,
Why can't man control you?

Helene Cicione

SOMETHING CHANGED

Life was colored in with darkness
Everything once treasured so deeply,
Now unsoundingly, began to bury itself in strange
dimension.

Destroying the innocent existence
Which carried tokens of Mother Nature.

The morals of playing a game,
Changed into a fast gasp for existing.
Forgetting what life is all about;
Remembering only the man made essentials,
Which clouded over the dome of naturalness.

To envision the future as part of a factory
Manufactured and produced with stamp of
artificiality.

Never once thinking of the real story of life,
Never once looking out into the scope of light
Never realizing that man is part of nature and
both are part of a divine world
GONE IT WILL SOON BE, GONE IT IS!

Ronnie Fronduti



A few days ago I entered into a world I thought had ceased to exist. A friend of mine asked me if I cared to take a hike up a mountain since we had both seen all the movies in town and literally exhausted all other forms of recreation. We packed a small lunch and started out quite early.

About half way to our destination point--the highest trees we could see--I decided to take a glimpse of the world we had left below. What I saw was of little beauty. It was as though there was a cloud below us--not the white puffy kind--but rather a dark, gray one. Cars were moving about at a terribly fast speed as were the people. Funny, people do everything at such a fast pace, they don't even have time to appreciate the surroundings they take advantage of.

We continued in our effort to make it to the top. A rabbit crossed our paths every couple of yards and a deer and her fawn drank fresh, clear unpolluted water from a bubbling brook, the kind city folk only read about. By noon time, we had reached our destination, a mound of tall pine trees. They smelled so different from the pine-scented air freshener we have at home. As we ate our lunch, squirrels ran all around us. A red Cardinal watched our every move from his perch in an elm tree, as if to make sure we wouldn't disturb her peaceful home.

We started back at the same time the sun had turned as red as the fire engine which was always parked on the corner of Main Street. A cool wind sailed through the trees and slapped at my face. My cheeks were still red when I got home, and it wasn't my make-up either.

I decided that this was where man belongs--he should be a part of nature, not a part from it. For so long man has known nothing of nature, but to take it to better himself, or as he says, his way of life. How can so smart a creature be so foolish. One doesn't have to read about trees, and streams, and scurrying animals; all one has to do is easily become a part of it all.

Andrea Chromchak



SILENT SNOW

The room was still with a thick, overwhelming silence that falls muffled around my ears. Outside the snow was falling, in velvet folds like a curtain, blotting out the last signs of human life.

The trees were outlined against the sky. The snow fell lightly on their bare limbs, casting lace over their branches.

The snow lay thick on the rooftops, piling itself on window sills and doorsteps in drifts softer than down. The wind whistled sharply through the leafless boughs, it swirled the snow into myriad designs.

The endless procession of flakes seemed to stop for a moment in their descent, stopping as if a mighty hand had halted their fall, then continued their descent, and dissolved into the vast stretches of whiteness.

The stillness echoed with a throbbing beat over the field, tree, and house. Slowly there was a hush over the landscape. For a short time silence reigned and the everyday noises created by man could not be heard.

Yvonne Rynkiewicz

America.

A land that belonged to buffalo and wild horses,
rolling hills and towering trees.
A land where resources abounded,
of fresh air and sparkling water.
A land of freedom for everyone,
where opportunity knocked at every door.

Trees come crashing down with every cry of
timber, and hills are leveled into concrete
slabs.

The only time you'll see a buffalo is on a nickel
coin. Now, even they are rare.

And only God knows where all the horses have gone.
Boundless resources are now depleted,

The air has become so foul and polluted
that it isn't strange to hear of people
dying from just breathing.

In some cities people drink mostly chemicals
and even fish refuse to live in lakes and
streams.

You may be free if you're the right color.
Or maybe freedom's just a state of mind.
And how can opportunity knock at every door
in a country that is on its way to
populating itself out of existence?

America has not found all the answers she
needs yet.

But if the hope of fulfilling these needs
lies in the minds of enough of her people
She might be able to return to the beauty that
was once hers.

I think I read the other day that a herd of
buffalo was seen riding on the plains.

Donna Reich

WHY

Even Such is nature, who puts its trust in people,
With their desires and their pleasures;
And gives them the enjoyment of its beauty.

Why do people disregard the wonders of nature?
Destroying the flowers, trees and their lives,
By Polluting the earth with their ignorance.

People, like nature, will someday be destroyed,
but not by nature,
But by themselves.

How could people, rational beings, use their abilities
to destroy the resources that are the
foundations of their very existence?



To what extent should man use the natural world about him? This is a question being asked by many people today, both young and old. The problem lies in the fact that man has become so materialistic and industrialized that no thought is given to the destructive effects of these attitudes, rather man's thoughts are only of progress and profit. As a result, nature suffers and because of her suffering man will suffer the loss of God's creative bounty. Man should strive to live in harmony with nature instead of trying to dominate it.

Evidence of man's inability to harmonize with nature is seen in our country's last wilderness region, Yellowstone National Park. Only five per cent of the park is open to sightseers, yet what beauty would be left if demands to open more of the park were met? The park is plagued with traffic and pollution. Visitors leave behind 60 tons of solid waste and garbage, which is too much for water and sewage facilities to handle. Tourists litter hot springs and gysers with coins and bottles, plugging up nature's cooling mechanism. Nitrate and phosphate residues leaking into Yellowstone Lake from sewage treatment is causing an overabundance of aquatic plants lowering the oxygen supply to fish. Limits must be placed on the use

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of the park or the geologic wonders and animal and plants life will be endangered. This will be the result of man's careless attitude toward nature.

If man does not change his ways soon, he will succeed in destroying all the beauty that was given to him. He must learn to respect nature, for all the wealth in the world will not bring it back once it has been lost.

Donna Reich

(MAN A PART OF NATURE)

Awakened,
Music finds more meaning
 when I sing to the outdoors
Cool winds carry a floating tune
As my steps carry me
Firm ground shows no wayward steps
And a well carried tune bears no false notes.

Daria Pronchick



(MAN APART FROM NATURE)

In a solitude state
of an empty white hall
Doors lead to stark rooms
And the bleakness of the building reflects
 no color.
It would be better even to be in the deepest
 cave
And feel a rock carved by God's own hand.

Daria Pronchick



Beginning 'a new day.
Lifting up my drowned soul from slumber.
And suddenly sniffing a sweet scent of living
It woke up my sights to a state of being.

Lying in my soft, rounded nest of satin;
I felt a sense of quiet security.
Encircling the wall-papered room of flowers,
Touching the white laced curtains;
Hanging on the window panes.
Suddenly, gazing around the sunlit room,
a young bird flew upon the cracked, painted ledge,
And stared at my stone white face.
Seeming to drag me out into a nature
Full of peace wrapped in gold ribbon.

I looked at the young creature with wonder.
Trying to relate to his waves of thought.
Suddenly, I wanted to give out to everyone
Walking over to my new friend,
I left behind the dust filled room of captivity
and looked up over the shadow of nature.
I envisioned something never before witnessed.

Bubbled, clearless dewdrops sitting on leaves of
clover.
Wind blown maple leaves flying through the air.
Fur clothed creatures of God;
Playing with each other,
With life strung through them.

Then, I felt a warm glow,
It was the new, sharp mellowed rays of sun
making its way from the heavens
Giving out its morning praise.

Feeling quiet good, I looked down to my Friend,
But it wasn't there anymore.
Directly I noticed in a close by tree,
Sat my friend singing to "his" world.
I smiled
For once I realized what his song means;
A song of nature, "our" song.

Ronnie Fronduti

ONLY YESTERDAY

It seem like only yesterday, I walked down the shaded streets of my hometown,
Holding a balloon and my mother's hand.

It seems like only yesterday that I strolled through the park and fed the pigeons that gathered around Begging for a morsel of bread.

It seems like only yesterday that I jumped rope and played hop-scotch in the playground, Hoping that the sun would never go down.

It seems like only yesterday that I sat on a blanket with a very wonderful man Promising each other that we would always share the beauty that surrounded us.

It seems like only yesterday that he and I stood on the edge of the beach during the first week of our lives as man and wife, Hoping that our future together would be as beautiful as the sun-setting in the horizon.

It seems like only yesterday that I walked my little girl down the street, Watched her feed the pigeons, and jump rope.

It seems like only yesterday that I sat and listened to her tell me about her picnic And the promises she and he made.

It seems like only yesterday that I watched them drive off into the quiet night, Knowing that they, too, had noticed the bright stars and full moon of their night.

It was only yesterday that another little girl strolled through the park, Holding my hand, she said, "Can I feed God's hungry pigeons, Grandmom?"

Angie Prozzill



LIFE IS TOO LATE

A child is simple and pure like a freshly cut white rose.

Talking, walking, feeling openly and warmly. Innocent, untroubled, free and wistful, he loves and respects man and nature.

Youth flares up and swings like a wild cherry blossom hanging from a tree

Weighed down somewhat from ripening-youth realizes new responsibilities, opportunities and the chance to take the right road to happiness.

Youth lingers, sitting awhile to observe nature and its beauties, striving to make it a part of his life. Youth flowers into Manhood, fully blossomed and mature.

Manhood ushers in the summer of life, a home, wife and family, the perpetuation of the blossoms.

Manhood also brings with it the exploitation of nature.

For man must provide and nature must be his victim.

Man, then falls from his lofty position in the tree of life to Old Age.

The impact shocks him into the realization that he is part of the nature he has tampered with in years past;

That he too withers and dies like a flower in the winter of its life.

He regrets his lack of respect for that forceful and beautiful thing that can give and take away life. But alas, it is too late for he has lost his chance to live.

Jane Moore



HE

He lived one day, not long ago,
He loved to laugh and talk,
He learned to love and dance,
To sing and ride and walk.

But now as he lies asleep,
Beneath the damp brown earth,
Blow gently winds, and weep spring rains,
For dreams that died at birth.

Penny Cartusciello



A LAST LOOK

Finally age was taking its place in life
Feeling quite brittle and gray,
But still trying to return to reality.
Looking for the voyage into a child's world
Waiting in line for a past of happiness.

The life of dry, dust crumbling to the ground
Now seemed to return to the everlasting potent of life.
Remembering all those small virtues of nature
Touching my mind like a soft melody whispering
past into the distance.
Clutching every moment of silent tenderness.

Though being apart from the realm of humanity
Nothing seemed to be lost.
Everything that was born into creation
Stayed within the wood of shadows.
The world was uncovered to me, A whole new life.
Thank God, its still there to have.
Finally, my eyes opened to what is mine.

Ronnie Fronduti

IN THE END

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. He gave the earth night and day, land and water, and vegetation that yielded fruit and seeds. The heavens were given the stars and surrounding planets. God then decided to give us two great lights, to greater to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night. Later swarms of living creatures filled the waters and crawled on the earth.

Then God made a beast, to whom he gave the name Man. Man was given dominion over the fish of the sea and the creatures of the land and in this way God was generous.

Up through the ages Man had tilled God's soil, fished in God's waters, and hunted in God's forests. But in the 20th century Man had suddenly done the unexpected. He had gone and ruined all the good things in life he strived so hard to build-up. Where there was once land to farm, man had gone and built industries that polluted the air and streams.

In the end God tore down the heavens and the earth. He took back night and day, the land and water, and vegetation that yielded fruit and seeds. He took back the stars and planets. There was nothing left of the two great lights he had given us because Man had destroyed them, both through exploration and scientific study. The swarms

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of living creatures that once roamed the earth had long ago died.

All that was left was Man. He was living in a world of nothingness. Man could not say that he had not been warned by God, but he had warned them through physical changes in the land and environment. Now Man stood alone. He no longer knew how to ask for forgiveness so he had to live with his guilt. This was God's punishment to Man and it was rightly deserved.

Sue Callaghan

OLD AGE AND NATURE

He takes off his glasses and wipes his eyes,
he looks around himself and sees,
that he has lived apart from this world,
lived apart from nature.

His wrinkled hands and weakened legs
ache as he slowly walks by the sea,
his troubled heart yearns for yesterday's youth,
yearns for the spirit of nature.

The waves keep coming as the years keep passing
And the man knows he's not long to live;
but he lives each day and has faith in tomorrow,
faith in the goodness of nature.

Barbara Gruettner



Autumn colors in the skies
Move among the clouds of gray
Everywhere one hears the cries
of nature having lost her way;
"Who's the man that brought this on?
Who took life away?
Did he hate my silent winters
or my sunnier days?
Did he long to be the center
of my simple ways?
Man has conquered, I surrender;
but what is there to gain
without me as its tender
the world would die in vain."

Barbara Gruettner



The child's first breath of morning's freshness
awakens the innocence of life.
He belongs to the warmth and the goodness of nature
and not to its sorrows and strife.

For life looks bright to the growing child
and nature fits into his schemes;
He runs over hills and climbs through the forests
and swims in the lakes and the streams.

Theough love of this kind is vibrant and pure.
It diminishes with the passing of days,
Never again will he ever recover
His innocent love of nature's ways.

Barbara Gruettner

